Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXIV., No. 14. MONTREAL, APRIL 7, 1899. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

AUBERT GALLION QUE
Mrs W M Pozer
8 cop

Finding One's Self.

(G. F. Woodbury in 'Ram's Horn.')

She was in a large department store.

She had asked to see the curtain stuffs.

The floor walker had taken her upstairs and down a long passage-way to a large, open room hung with the greatest variety of curtains and fixtures of all sorts and shades.

While waiting for the clerk to finish waiting upon another customer, she happened to glance farther down the room and thought she saw some one she knew, but was not quite certain, and so turned away. As she turned her head she thought she observed the other turning her head the other way.

She concluded it must have been a mistake.

But the more she thought of it, the more certain she felt that she had seen the lady before, and so she ventured to look again.

As she looked the other lady turned towards her again at the same instant.

Their eyes met—and the coincidence led her to smile a trifle.

The other lady smiled, and she thought that she surely must know her, and so bowed slightly—unwittingly broadening her smile.

The other lady met her greeting with about the some degree of cordiality.

She thought, even yet, that it might be a mistake; that it was possibly some one that she had barely met—for a passing instant she thought of the 'confidence woman'—and she thought she would let the matter drop.

And yet, the more she thought of it, the more she thought she ought to get up and go and speak to her. So, suiting the action to the thought, she hastened along to where the lady sat, and, to her surprise, the lady arose and came towards her with the same haste. This led her to smile, and the other lady smiling as cordially, as she approached her she said: 'I thought I knew Mrs.'——bump——and——she had come flatly up against a large plate-glass mirror which reached from the floor to the ceiling and clear across the room, making the room appear to extend.

'SHE DISCOVERED THAT SHE DIDN'T KNOW HERSELF.'

But what was a curious thing she discovered by this embarrassing escapade, viz., that she didn't know herself.

And do you know that one of the most natural tendencies of our lives is to so lose ourselves in our busy, work-a-day, anxious, tired, world that when we discover ourselves—all at once, clearly revealed over against the great reflector, all changed by a thousand things that have become ours—and us—we are surprised.

Sometimes the surprise is cheering, and sometimes it is depressing.

Your life has been filled with things that you didn't use to mind, but latterly you have allowed them to fret and worry you and make you anxious. Your brow has been knit again and again. You had not thought its mark could remain. But in some moment of waiting you have glanced into the mirror and you find furrows in the forehead that don't smooth out; you push your finger across them but they don't rub out, and, coming to yourself, you say:

'Am I mistaken? This isn't the sweet-faced, sweet-tempered, sweet-faithed Dimple which used to carry sunshine everywhere you went, is it?'

And since you find that you are another—and yet yourself—you are compelled to answer your question, and you say:

'No, I have changed.'

And you lift this prayer:

'Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation.'

* * * * * * *

He came upon himself in an unexpected moment, as he was at a high, wine banquet and ball, where all was bright.

As he passed under the almost dazzling reflection of the lights upon the plate glass mirror upon the wall of the drawing-room, he caught the view for an instant of his form and figure and countenance and complexion and step and all. He saw the unnatural color to his face—both of pallor and redness: the stoop which once he never knew; the unsteady step which was not his natural inheritance; the blood-shot eye which slandered those beautiful brilliants that had been his rightful legacy. He spoke, and thought, this is not the voice with which the old home rang in laughter in the back days of memory, and he said—as if brushing away a web, or a cloud, from his memory—

'Can it be that this is the proud and hopeful and ambitious and confident Dick who so short time ago declared against all entreaty that "a little wine glass could never conquer him. Weaklings could make fools of themselves if they would. He knew when to stop."'

But as he was no other than his own changed, wrecked self, he could do no other than answer his painful question: 'No, not the same; nor ever will be, quite, again.'

And then he lifted his heart, and yearned up to God the spirit of this petition:

Deliver me from the snare of the fowler and the power of the tempter.'

A Prayer at a Garden Party.

Some of the most beautiful gardens and groves in India are devoted to the worship of idols, and many are the prayers there offered to the gods which see not and hear not. It is not often, however, that the pleasure-gardens which are found in some

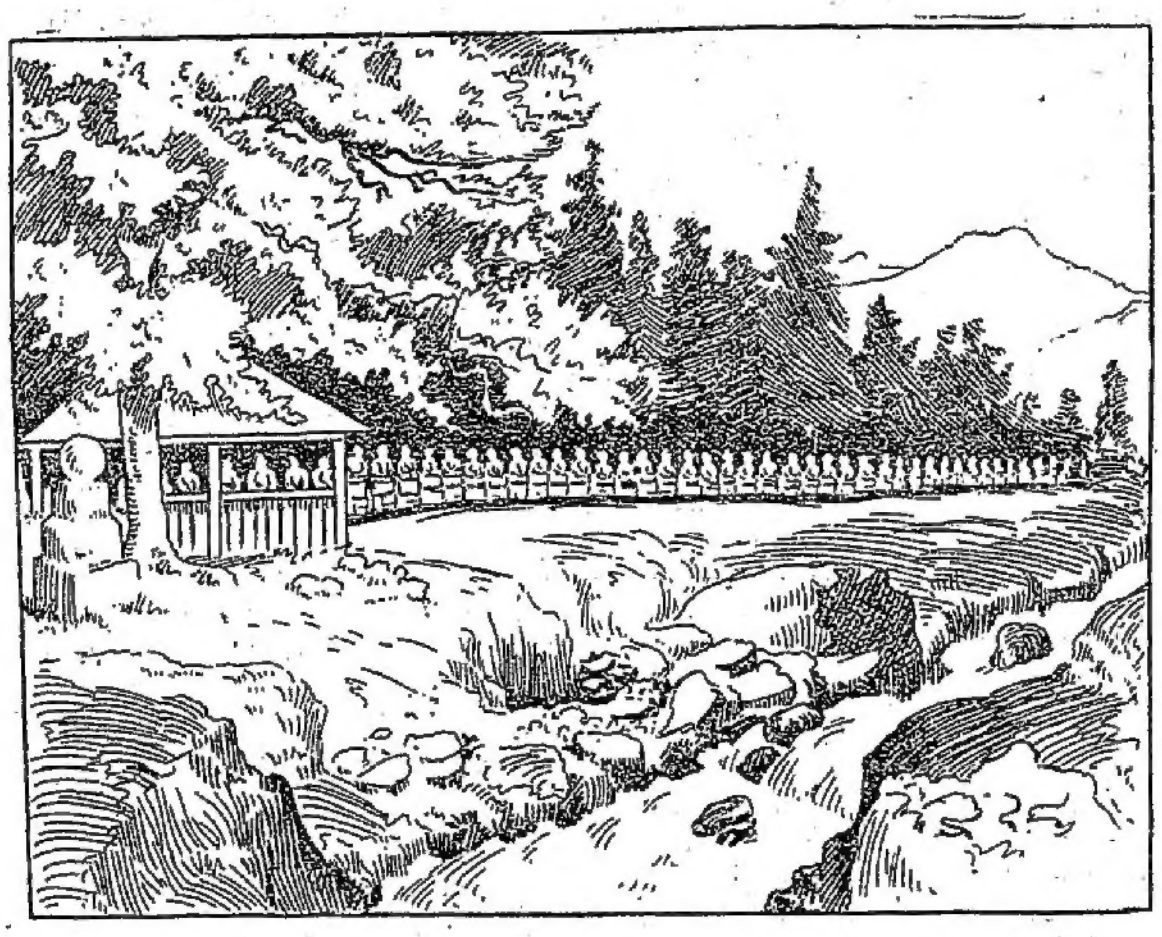
of the large cities have such earnest prayer offered in them as that sent up by one of our missionaries not long ago.

Miss Thiede, a devoted Christion missionary in Lahore, is in the habit of giving her Zenana pupils a yearly treat in the shape of an open-air feast in a lovely garden just out of Lahore. There, under a marble pavilion, with sweet breezes coming from the splashing fountains and fragrant flowers, the feast is spread, and every precaution is taken to prevent any man from intruding, as of course many or most Zenana pupils are what is denominated purdah nishin ('enthroned behind the curtain'), and are never to look on the face of any man except their own fathers, husbands and brothers. On one occasion, however, some drunken European soldiers forced their way into the garden, and came boistercusly to the pavilion where Miss Thiede's pupils were engaged in innocent games, or were lifting up their young voices in praise of their Redeemer. One soldier behaved with greater rudeness than the rest, breaking one of Miss Thiede's chairs, scattering her things about, and finally approaching her with a menacing and insolent manner. Shall I tell you what Miss Thiede did? She knelt down there and began to pray that God might touch the man's heart and make him a better person, and pardon his sins. 'The prayer had so much effect,' says Miss Thiede, 'that the man quietly knelt down, quite changed;' then when the prayer was finished he rose, replaced everything he had scattered, bowed to Miss Thiede and went away.—'Children's Work for Children.'

Statues Which Cannot Be Counted.

THE HUNDRED BUDDHAS OF JAPAN.

At Nikko, in Japan, may be seen the long row of one hundred stone Buddhas represented in our illustration. They sit facing



the stream which flows beside the sacred mountain Nantaigan, to which thousands of white-robed pilgrims come every August. They are commonly called 'The Hundred Buddhas,' but the precise number does not appear to be known, and local tradition says that some mysterious influence prevents any two persons who count them from arriving at the same result. It is curious that, notwithstanding their number, no two are exactly alike.

Missionary Queries.

Do you estimate the relative need of causes in your giving?

Are you acquainted with the alarming emergency in the home and foreign missionary work?

Will it be probable that the man who delays giving until he is well fixed financially will give anything then?

Is it sufficient for a boy or girl with an allowance to say 'My father gives, and therefore I need not?'

Is there such a thing, even in most Christian homes, as a common pocket-book for husband and wife?

Can a bequest given after one is dead be considered a giving to God, when one cannot longer keep it for one's self?

Why do men whose salaries have remained the same for the last few years talk of 'hard times' when it comes to giving?—H. Francis Perry in the 'Baptist Union.'

Birds On Billows.

Sir Edwin Arnold, in an account of his voyage to America, in the London 'Daily Telegraph,' says: — Every day we see playing around the ship and skimming up and down the wave hollows companies of lovely little terns and sea swallows, the latter no larger than thrushes. These fearless people of the waste have not by any means followed us from the land, living, as gulls often will, on the waste thrown from the vessel.

They are vague and casual mariners of the ocean, who, spying the great steamship from afar, have sailed close up, to see if we are a rock or an island, and will then skip away again on their own free and boundless business. Yonder tiny bird, with purple and green plumage, his little breast and neck laced with silver, is distant 1,000 miles at this moment from a drop of fresh water, and yet cares no more for that fact than did the Irish squire who 'lived twelve miles from a lemon.'

If his wings ever grow weary, it is but to settle on the bosom of a great billow and suffer it for a time to rock and roll him amid the hissing spindrift, the milky, flying foam and the broken sea-lace which forms and gleams and disappears again upon the dark slopes. When he pleases, a stroke of the small red foot and a beat of the wonderful wing launch him off from the jagged edge of his billow, and he flits past us at 100 knots an hour, laughing steam and canvas to scorn, and steering for some nameless crag in Labrador or Fundy, or bound, it may be, homeward for some island or marsh of the far-away Irish coast.

Marvellously expressive of power as is our untiring engine, which all day and night throbs and pants and pulses in noisy rhythm under the deck, what a clumsy, imperfect affair it is compared with the dainty plumes and delicate muscles which will carry that pretty, fearless sea swallow back to his roost!

Sea Slugs For Missions.

From an exchange we copy this lesson from the islands of the Pacific:

Some years ago the converts of the native church of the Society Islands, feeling deeply grateful for the missionaries who brought them their gospel, felt themselves debtors to all others who were under the shadows of heathen darkness and despair. The native preachers and teachers were willing to face the dangers they must encounter among the savage tribes on other islands, but money was needed with which to send them out and support them. They had no money, and they saw no way by which it could be obtained.

They advised with their native pastor, and, as many a believer in Christ has done in an hour of perplexity, he proposed they should make it a matter of prayer. They followed his advice. In their simple words they told the Lord to open the way by which they could raise money for the support of the preachers who were waiting to carry the tidings to other islands.

In a short time some traders came to the island to buy the sea slugs that are found on the reefs around the island in that section, which are considered a great delicacy among the wealthier classes of China. Soon the men and women were at work; several tons were made ready, and they were paid $850 by the traders. It was sent to the London Missionary Society, whose missionaries had brought the gospel to the island.

'For My Sake.

'For My sake' cheer the suffering, help the needy;
On earth this was My work; I give it thee.
If thou wouldst follow in thy Master's footsteps,
Take up My cross and come and learn of Me.

'For My sake' let the harsh word die unuttered
That trembles on the swift, impetuous tongue;
'For My sake' check the quick, rebellious feeling
That rises when thy brother does thee wrong.

'For My sake' press with steadfast patience onward,
Although the race be hard, the battle long.
Within My Father's house are many mansions;
There thou shalt rest and join the victor's song.

And if in coming days the world revile thee,
If 'for My sake' thou suffer pain and loss,
Bear on, faint heart; thy Master went before thee;
They only wear His crown who share His Cross.

—'Waif.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

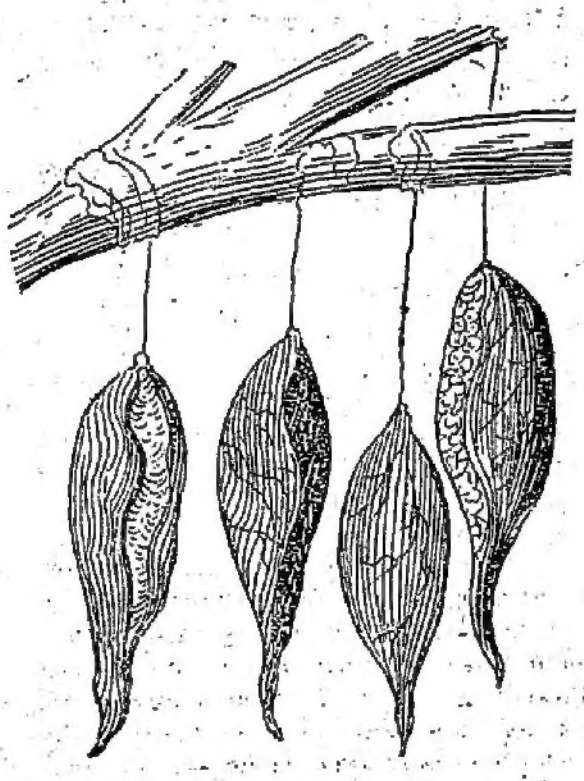
A Long Sleep.

A TRUE STORY.

(Ella Jacobs in 'Sunday-School Times.')

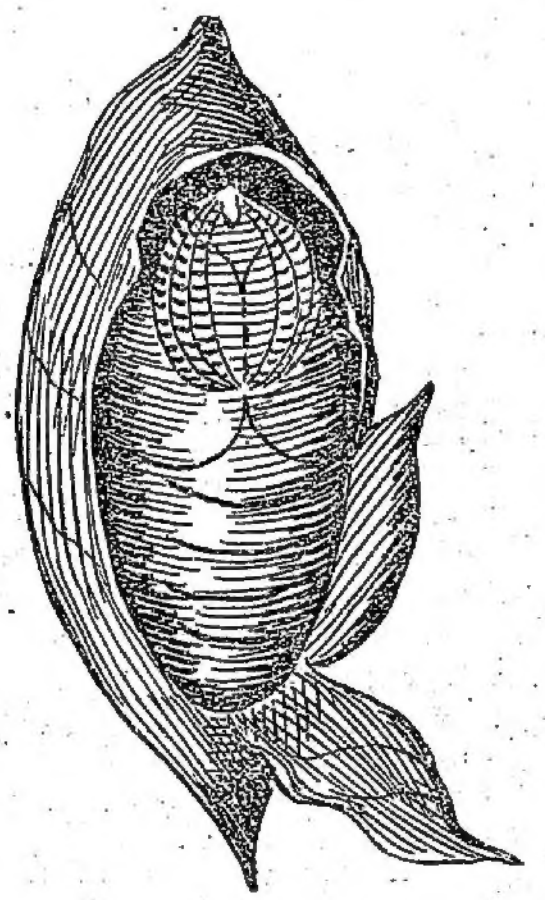
One day last winter I stood looking at the snowfall, and watching how the wind tossed the branches of the great ailanthus tree. 'How cold it is! Surely nothing can live out of doors,' I thought.

As I glanced out again, I noticed some little brown balls hanging from the tree. 'Surely those are not dried leaves; but what are they?' I took a long stick, and knocked



down several of these brownies,—not an easy matter, as each one was held on to the branch by a tough silken thread. They were about the size and shape of a peanut, and they were cocoons.

A cocoon is the house which a caterpillar makes for itself to stay in while it is waiting to become a moth or butterfly, and a wonderful house it is! The outside of each of these was made of a dry leaf, all curled up and tucked in. I cut through the leaf,



which was like a thin nut-shell, and found the inside of the house was yet more curious, for it was made of soft silk; and in this soft cradle lay a fat little caterpillar, curled up fast asleep.

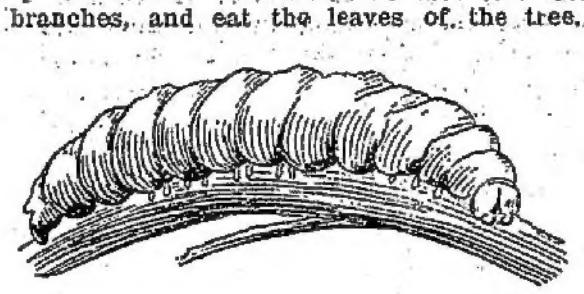
'I wonder when it will awake?'

I hung up my bunch of cocoons near my desk, and every day through the long winter I looked at them, but there was no sign of life. One bright May morning, as I went to my office, I thought that summer had almost come, for the trees were full of leaves, and the birds were singing. As I sat down to write, I glanced up at my cocoons.

But, oh, what a surprise! On a picture-frame near by was a large, magnificent moth fully six inches long! It was fanning its wings slowly up and down, drying them, for they were damp. I noticed that one of the cocoons had a tiny hole in the top, and through this the moth, with its wings tightly wrapped around its body, had crept carefully out.

The moth was gray and brown, with lovely spots of red on its wings. In about half an hour, it was quite dry, then it flew around the room a few times, then darted gracefully out of the window, and lighted on the very ailanthus tree upon which I had found the cocoons months ago.

I found out that the name of this pretty creature was the Cynthia Moth. The mother lives only a few days, but in that time she lays hundreds of eggs, hiding them carefully in the cracks of the branches of the trees. By and by these eggs are hatched, and out come—no, not beautiful moths, but ugly, fat, wriggling, little caterpillars! As I told you, their mother is dead, so these little babies have to hunt for their own food. But their mother was very wise, she had what in animals we call instinct, so she laid her eggs in a place which was full of just the kind of food that she knew her babies would like. So the little caterpillars crawl up the branches, and eat the leaves of the tree.

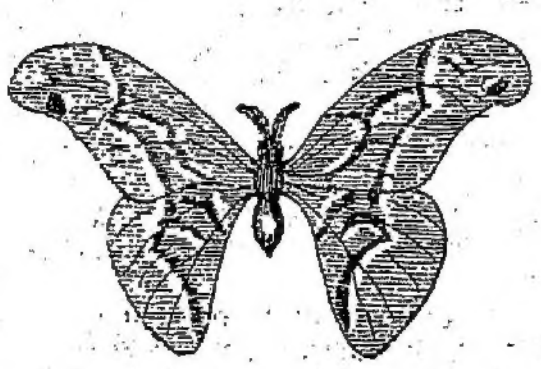


They are very hungry, and sometimes eat every bit of the leaves except the stem. I think you have all seen trees which have been destroyed in this manner by caterpillars.

Sometimes these greedy little fellows eat so much that their skin bursts; but a caterpillar is used to this. He just catches on to a twig, and pulls off this old tight dress, and under it there is a nice new one which fits exactly. Isn't that a splendid way of getting new clothes?

After the caterpillars have shed their skins several times in this manner, they get very fat and seem tired, and summer is over. They grow sleepy; so they know it is time to make their little houses in which they must take their long winter nap.

So each one fastens himself by a long thread to a branch, so that 'when the wind



blows, the cradle will rock.' Then he spins a soft, silky blanket. Next, in some wonderful way, he gets a leaf, and covers the outside with it carefully and closely, so the cold air can't get in; then he spins across the top, and the cradle-house is finished; for—yes, when autumn come again, there are the cocoons hanging from the tree! And the caterpillar is inside, so quiet and motionless it seems lifeless; but we know it is not dead, fo. in the spring it will come forth a bright, beautiful moth.

How wonderful! yet so much like the lives of people. God has told us that, although the body may be old, ugly, deformed, diseased, yet, if we keep the heart pure and true that some day it will waken into a new life, where each beautiful soul will enjoy a life everlasting with the heavenly father.

The Fire In Talcott's Mill.

(Celia Eliza Shute in 'Youths' Companion.')

'How's Jamie to-night, mother?'

'A little better, I think. He is sleeping now. That is why I delayed supper, fearing to wake him. Here's a clean roller, Edna. Don't use that one.'

Edna Windom, washing her hands at the kitchen sink, took absent-mindedly the coarse crash towel that her mother handed her.

'Jamie has talked continually about you to-day, dear,' added Mrs. Windom, who had caught the unhappy look on her daughter's face.

Ena's eyes filled with tears. She opened a door that was partially ajar, and entered a little room beyond. On the bed lay her little brother. His quick, panting breaths and the frown of pain on his thin white face testified that his was not the sleep that should belong to childhood. Edna's tears came again as she saw that his fragile fingers clutched closely a little top, made of a match and a button, that she had contrived for his amusement the evening before.

The faint sound she made sobbing caused Jamie's eyes to open suddenly. 'What did you bring me to-night, Edna?' asked he, awake at once.

'When I've made you comfortable you shall see,' replied Edna, raising him with hands that were roughened by work in the mill, yet of touch gentle and strong. When she had settled him back on the pillows she ran out of the room and soon reappeared, dangling a bunch of purple grapes by their stem.

'Maisy Roberts brought a basketful to the mill this morning, and gave all the girls in our room some,' said she. 'Taste one, dear—it is full of cool juice.'

But Jamie demurred, preferring to look at them longer before spoiling the perfect cluster, and Edna went into the kitchen again.

'The tripe is done just right,' said Mrs. Windom, looking up. 'If you will take up the potatoes we will sit down.'

Edna obeyed abstractedly. 'I feel as if I wanted nothing but tea to-night,' said she. 'I helped Mr. Wayne make out the pay-roll after hours, and I am tired out.'

Mrs. Windom colored. 'I'm sorry,' said she. 'I used the last of the tea yesterday.'

'Oh, I don't mind,' replied Edna. 'I almost got my courage to the point of asking Mr. Wayne to advance my money, but he was hurrying to go away, and I thought we could manage until to-morrow.'

And so we can, dear,' said her mother, cheerfully. 'I really feel that it is selfish in me to expect tea at all. The doctor's bills are such a tax on you.'

Edna rose, ran over to her mother, and hid her face on her shoulder. 'When you talk like that,' said she, 'I think we must be

desperately poor. So remember, mother, if you want me to be courageous, you must have your cup of tea every single night.'

About midnight the loud clanging of the town bell awoke Edna, and brought her to her window. 'What is it? A fire?' called Mrs. Windom, sleepily. 'Can you see anything, Edna?'

'Yes, people are running down Beaver street, and the sky is very red. I am afraid it is a big one.'

'You don't suppose it is the mill!' exclaimed Mrs. Windom, looking out. 'It is in that direction.'

Edna made no reply. Her face was pressed to the glass, but she drew back suddenly and began to dress herself. 'I'll get Mrs. Pierson and run down and see,' she said, resolutely. 'The light grows brighter every moment.'

She thrust her arms into the sleeves of her sack and ran off, her heart heavy with apprehension. 'If it is the mill, what will become of us?' she cried to herself, as she went down the steps.

'Talcott's Mill is going up,' cried a girl passing. 'They say there's no saving it.'

Edna gasped—then hastened on with the group to which her informant belonged. There was great confusion in the street. Fire-engines created continual panics, and vehicles of all kinds were dashing in and out, regardless of life and limb. An excited throng occupied the sidewalks, some grave, other jesting recklessly on the impending ruin of their prospects.

Edna passed on. She was a strong, tall girl, and her great interest in the mill gave her added vigor. She spoke to no one. Her face was rigid. A lurch of the throng at the street corner propelled her into Beaver street, where she got her first view of the burning mill.

It was a vast brick building, unpretentious and unbeautiful, overtopped by tall chimneys, but its destruction must mean privation, perhaps bitter want, to many who were watching it burn.

Edna looked hungrily at the flames, which were hurling themselves upward as if animated by a greed to destroy every vestige of the place. Many directly in front of the mill were hopeful, apparently, of profiting in some way by proximity, and they scowled and groaned when driven back by the heat or the clubs of the policemen. Edna's companions stopped at the corner of an adjoining street, and she paused with them. A carriage driven rapidly drew up at this corner, and a man's face leaned from its window. Edna's heart gave a throb.

'It's Mr. Wayne,' she said to herself. 'Why should he look so desperate? He has nothing at stake compared with us.'

'Talcott!' called Mr. Wayne, leaping from the hack as a gentleman came hurrying by. 'That safe must be opened. The money for the pay-roll is there, and that collateral for the Barnes note.'

'Gracious goodness!' replied Mr. Talcott, aghast. 'Who put the bonds there What reckless idiocy!'

'I put them there myself,' replied Mr. Wayne. 'The bank was closed, and I had to go to Marsburg, or I should have taken them home with me.'

'Well, they must be got at somehow,' responded Mr. Talcott, shaking with excitement. 'Where's the chief? He must send a man in to open the safe. Where's your key?'

Mr. Wayne's face grew paler, if possible, His voice trembled. 'I can't find it,' said he. 'I missed it as soon as I got to Marsburg, and came directly back for it.'

'Then the lock must be forced,' and Mr. Talcott. 'Offer a hundred dollars to anyone who will open that safe and bring its contents safely to me.'

Edna had listened to this conversation apathetically, but she turned now and walked up to Mr. Talcott.

'I can open the safe for you,' she said, huskily.

'You!' Mr. Talcott turned in astonishment and stared at her.

'Miss Windom,' said Mr. Wayne, eagerly, 'do you know where the key is?'

'I believe so,' replied Edna. 'When I was going down the private staricase, after you left last night, my foot struck against something that bounded off and downstairs. I ran down and found a bunch of keys, and I hid them in a little crevice under the stairs.'

'Call the chief!' shouted Mr. Talcott, frantically.

Edna grasped his arm. 'Don't ask anyone else to go!' begged she. 'I can put my hand on those keys in the dark, and—and—I need that money you offered dreadfully! Let me go! Oh, let me go!'

'Impossible!' said Mr. Talcott, impatiently. 'It's a dangerous job, not fit for a girl. Tell us just where you put the key. Wayne or I can find it. Quick, now!'

Edna felt that everything depended on insistence. 'Mr. Talcott,' she urged, 'I can get the key quicker than any of the men you have sent for. I know how to open the safe, too. If you will only let me go I will have the bonds here in five minutes. Please do!'

Mr. Talcott's face changed. Mr. Wayne interceded for her. 'I really think she can do it, Talcott,' said he. 'Send a fireman in with her. She'll come out all right.'

'Well—go—then,' said Mr. Talcott, reluctantly. 'Wayne, grapple one of those firemen, and look alive, now! We've lost precious time talking. The office won't be spared much longer.'

Mr. Wayne hurried off for help, and Edna found herself being pushed through the crowd in the direction of the office, so elbowed and jostled that she could have done nothing had it not been for the mill-owner.

'Make way there for the boss!' shouted the workmen, recognizing their employer's desire to reach the mill. The wondering stares that greeted Edna as she was seen to be accompanying him were lost upon her. Her heart beat in great throbs, and her eyes saw only the glare of the firelight and the illumined front of the big mill.

Mr. Wayne had succeeded in impressing a fireman into the service, and together they were now relieving Mr. Talcott of his difficult task of opening a passage. The policemen placed to prevent persons entering the mill gave way at the approach of Edna's escort, and slipping under the ropes, they stopped before a small door at the side of the mill. A blow from an iron bar shivered its lock, and a volume of black smoke poured out as the door fell in.

Mr. Talcott fell back, dragging Edna with him. 'It's no use!' gasped he, half choked. 'We can't stand that. We must give it up, or find some other way.'

'Hold on!' said the fireman. 'That will clear in a minute. There's a good chance of getting to the office yet. Must the girl go?'

'She is the most useful of us all,' answered Mr. Talcott, to Edna's joy. 'How is it? Clearing any?'

The man was investigating. He reappeared in answer to Mr. Talcott's call.

'Come along!' said he, shortly. 'Now's our chance. Keep your mouths shut, and creep as low as possible.'

Mr. Wayne followed, and Mr. Talcott, with a muttered 'Don't lose your head, Miss Windom! Work quickly, and keep hold of the stair-rail!' stepped in with her. Stooping low as possible to get beneath the smoke, they soon reached the stair-rail, where Edna was to do her part.

She could see nothing, but undaunted, crept under the stairs, and collecting her thoughts, felt cautiously and rapidly in crevice after crevice. Every second seemed an age. Nothing met her grasp. She began to doubt her memory, and to fear that she had mistaken the position of the key.

The length of the time she had been gone, although very short under other circumstances, had caused uneasiness, for she could hear stumbling footsteps approaching, and a hand caught her dress just as her groping fingers touched the precious bit of metal. At the same time a thickening of the dense black mist that floated down the corridor told that another partition had yielded to the encroaching flames.

Edna clutched at the offered hand, and staggered up the short flight of steps that led to the private office. Neither Mr. Wayne nor Mr. Talcott was there. The fireman pushed her through the door and closed it after him.

'The boss was overcome,' explained he, shortly. 'The other one had to take him out. They told me to get you out as quick as I could and let the things go, but I guess we can fetch it yet, don't you?'

'If you can only stay in here five minutes, we can,' answered Edna, coolly.

'Well, we haven't much more'n that,' admitted the man. 'Where's the safe?'

'Here!' answered Edna, running to it.

The man threw up the windows while Edna turned the key. No delight she had ever experienced equalled that she felt as the big door swung open, revealing the valuable contents.

She thrust the money and the big envelope marked 'Barnes Collateral' deep down in the pockets of her ulster, even stopping to pin them in to ensure their safety. Then, tipping out the contents of the waste-paper basket, she crammed the remaining papers into it, while the fireman flung the big books down to his comrades below.

'Now, lady,' said he, 'it won't do to wait here any longer. See the sparks flying by the windows! Whew! Hear that, now!'

He opened the door by which they had entered, but started back with an exclamation of dismay, which was echoed by Edna, who had caught a glimpse of pouring flames in the corridor below.

'To the window, miss!' said the man. 'There are ladders there!'

The office windows opened on the main street, and when the crowd caught sight of Edna and the fireman at one of these, they sent up one deafening shout after another.

For the first time Edna quailed, not with fear, but with a sense of the publicity to which she had subjected herself. The sight of those upturned faces, illumined by the glow of the conflagration, all the eyes on her, filled her with dread.

'Come on!' shouted the men below. 'Get the lady out! The wall will cave in any minute!'

The fireman shouted assent, and the next moment Edna was seen to step from the window ledge and begin to descend. Showers of sparks dropped upon her head and shoulders, and threatened to set fire to her clothing. She had resisted the fireman's offer to carry her down, but he was close at her side, encouraging her as he noted her convulsive clasp of the ladder. The hoarse cries of the throng rose above the crackling of the flames and the sharp crashes that indicated further inroads of the fire.

'A few more steps and we'll be down,'

THE OPEN BIBLE.

In the old days our 'little Lutheran' set a good example in having the 'open Bible' before her when 'the Lessons' were read: a very good lesson for us all. The open Bible was the secret of the Reformation.—'Day of Days.'

said the fireman, kindly. 'Jove! Just in the nick of time, though!'

The ladder shook violently. A vivid glare was followed by a hot wave that seemed to take away their breath. The office was at last invaded.

Panic-stricken, Edna gave a frenzied spring down the few remaining rungs of the ladder, bringing the man with her. Some one drew her rapidly away from the dangerous place, and the familiar voice of Mr. Talcott restored her to calmness.

'Well done!' said he. 'Not hurt, are you? Good! Did you get anything?'

Edna smiled, and touched her pinned-up pockets significantly. 'Everything,' she answered. 'Oh, take me away, please!' she added, shrinking from the hundreds of curious eyes bent upon her and the hoarse cries that greeted her movements.

'Ben,' said Mr. Talcott to a man who stood near, 'tell one of those hackmen to drive round to the corner. We will meet him there. You've done us a great service, Miss Windom,' he added, earnestly. 'We shall not forget it, nor the promised reward, either.'

'I am so glad I could do it!' stammered Edna. 'What good fortune that I happened to overhear what you said! I should not have thought of the key if I had not.'

''Twas mutual good luck,' answered Mr. Talcott. 'Here is the hack. I will go round with you and relieve you of your plunder, and then I guess rest won't be unwelcome to you, even if it is an enforced one.'

He pointed as he spoke at the falling building, and Edna's eyes filled with quick tears. 'What will the poor people do?' she asked.

'We shall help them until we rebuild,' Mr. Talcott answered. 'And they are not as badly off as they would have been but for you. They will have their money to-morrow, and that will help along wonderfully.'

Hearty cheers greeted the passage of the hack through the densely packed streets, and Mr. Talcott smiled as he noticed Edna shrinking into a corner to avoid recognition.

'You're fated to be popular to-night,' said he, 'but our next turn will save you from being a spectacle. They won't follow. The mill will keep them a while longer.'

Poor Mrs. Windom had been in a state of extreme anxiety at Edna's failure to return. She came running to the door when the hack stopped before it, sure that some terrible calamity had befallen her daughter, and could scarcely credit Mr. Talcott's account of Edna's brave and helpful deed.

'A clear-headed, plucky girl!' he pronounced her, to her astonished and gratified mother. 'We will do well by her when we get started again, and Wayne or I will call to-morrow and make the promised reward a reality.'

Edna went in to look at Jamie on her way to bed, after she and her mother had talked themselves hoarse. He was sleeping easily.

'How discouraged I felt when I came home last night!' she reflected. 'I don't believe I will ever get so disheartened again. Think how things have changed! My wages and the hundred dollars!'

Tressa's Missionary Offering

(Hope Daring in 'Michigan Advocate.)

'I should like this credited on my book, if you please,' and Tressa Lane pushed three crisp, rustling one dollar bills towards Mr. Rand, the cashier of the McCook City bank.

Mr. Rand took the money and the little brown book Bessie had brought. He paused to carefully adjust his eyeglasses before saying:

'Interest due on your deposit, Miss Tressa.'

As he walked away she drew a long breath. She had waited so long, and now—the goal of her ambition was reached.

'Thirty dollars and thirty cents,' Mr. Rand said, returning to the book. 'You are getting to be quite a capitalist.'

Tressa laughed, the pink of her cheeks deepening to crimson. 'I've been a long time acquiring my small capital,' she said pleasantly. 'Good morning, Mr. Rand.'

Tressa tripped down the street, her face as bright as the April sunshine which flooded the earth.

'It was so thoughtful in brother Mark to send me the money for my birthday instead of buying me something,' she said to herself. 'Now I can have the watch any time. I believe I'll go in and look at them again.'

She entered a jeweller's store. The clerk handed out a tray of watches, and Tressa bent over them, her face flushed with delight.

Tressa Lane was only sixteen, but she had long desired a watch. Money was none too plentiful in her home; besides, Mrs. Lane did not consider a timepiece a necessity for so young a girl. However, when Tressa proposed saving her spending money for this purpose, no one objected.

It had not been an easy task. The fund had absorbed so many ice cream sodas, chocolates and ribbons, to say nothing of cheaper gloves and coarser laces.

It was over now. Any one of these pretty watches could be bought for thirty dollars, and this price would include a neat black silk cord with gold clasp, which Tressa knew her mother would consider more suitable than a chain.

'I believe I'll take the one with the rose on the case,' she thought, passing her fingers caressingly over the pink plush lining of the tray. 'I'll have papa come in and look at it. Are these the Elgin works?' she asked aloud.

'Yes, but you can have the Waltham, if you prefer.'

Tressa lingered a moment longer. Upon leaving the store she was joined by Mrs. Rankins, a serene-faced, middle-aged woman.

'Good afternoon, Tressa. I was just wishing I had someone to take with me to the missionary meeting. You come, please.'

'Missionary meeting,' Tressa repeated hesitatingly. 'Why, mamma didn't say anything about it, or I would have stayed with grandma so she could have gone.'

'I am sorry for your mother to miss the meeting, for it is one of great importance. The subject is the support of native girls in the Bible schools of China. Come with me, Tressa. Then you can tell your mother all about it.'

Tressa consented. She had little interest in foreign missions, but this afternoon was

a perfect one, and Mrs. Rankins was always an agreeable companion.

'I wish you girls of the church were interested in missions,' Mrs. Rankins said, as they walked briskly on. 'We need your help, and you need the zeal which an interest in such work would promote.'

Tressa paused, opening her brown eyes to their greatest extent. 'I don't understand, Mrs. Rankins.'

'This is what I mean, Tressa. I think the depth and richness of our spiritual life can be measured by our desire to lead others to Christ. Missionary work certainly increases that desire.'

They had reached the church, so there was no opportunity for more words. Entering the side door, they made their way to the parlor where the meeting was to be held. The president of the society, Mrs. Van Dee, greeted Tressa warmly.

'Your bright young face will be a help to me,' she said, kissing the girl's cheek. 'This subject burdens me. The need is a crying one, and so many of us are growing old. To you young people we must look for the future.'

Tressa wondered a little. Mrs. Van Dee was her ideal of perfect womanhood, and, as her eyes rested on the refined face where years and thought had traced many lines and on the head silvered by time's touch, the young girl felt her heart stirred. Why were these women all so interested in missions?

That meeting was a revelation to Tressa Lane. Of foreign missions she had had only a vague idea, and when she learned of the lives of ignorance, sorrow, and many times shame that the different missionary societies were striving to rescue these girls from, tears rained down her face.

The meeting was one of great power. God's Spirit was present with his servants.

'Thirty dollars will support a girl in one of our schools for one year,' Mrs. Van Dee said at last 'One year there may lead her to Christ and fit her for telling the story of the cross to her benighted sisters. Let all who will give something rise. I do not ask you to decide how much now. Think over it and pray over it. Any time within a week and send the amount you think Jesus wants you to give. Remember every little helps. All who will make this promise please rise.'

Tressa caught her breath. 'Every little helps.' There was the thirty cents that would be left after purchasing her watch. It was only a trifle, but she would give it gladly.

A smile of rare tenderness looked out of from Mrs. Van Dee's eyes when she saw Tressa rise to her feet. The meeting soon adjourned Tressa was making her way from the room when a chance remark reached her ear.

'I had planned to have some new curtains for my parlor this spring, but I will give the money to this work instead.'

Deny one's self to give. Was that necessary? What was it Mrs. Van Dee had said? 'What you think Jesus wants you to give.' Did he want her—

'How silly in me,' and Tressa threw back her head a little defiantly. 'As if anyone would expect me to give up my watch for their missionary work.'

The week that followed was not a pleasant one for Tressa. Somehow she could not bring herself to send the thirty cents to Mrs. Van Dee.

'It's all I have to send, and all I intended to send when I promised,' she thought. 'I need the watch. The money is mine, too. The missionary society hasn't any claim to it.'

This reasoning did not bring peace. She could not forget the poor girls whose sole hope lay in learning of Christ's death, for he died for them as well as for her.

The last day of the week found her still undecided. She went to her mother with the whole story.

'Of course it's right for me to have the watch and to send Mrs. Van Dee the thirty cents, isn't it, mamma' she asked. 'Would you have papa go with us to-night to choose the watch?'

Mrs. Lane took the dark, dimpled face of her daughter between her hands. 'This money is for you to do as you please with, my child. Whatever you give, give it as God gave. You remember 'He so loved the world that he gave.''

Tressa closed her scarlet lips, a determined look coming into her eyes. She had hoped for her mother's approval concerning the watch, hoped that this approval would justify her in the course she wished to take.

'I will draw the money out of the bank on my way to school and send the thirty cents to Mrs. Van Dee,' she thought as she left her mother's room. 'There is no use of waiting any longer. And I'll get the watch to-night.'

When she presented her book at the cashier's window Mr. Rand gave her three gold eagles and three silver dimes.

'I'll have time to run in papa's office and leave the money for the watch with him and write a note to Mrs. Van Dee,' she concluded. 'Then it will be settled.'

Settled. Thirty cents for the Chinese girls; thirty dollars for Tressa Lane. A trifle for Jesus, one hundred times as much for self.

These thoughts flashed through Tressa's mind. For a moment she loitered along, the soft spring air caressing her face. Then she again compressed her lips and hurried on.

'I see thy will now, dear Saviour,' she whispered. 'How selfish I have been!'

Going to a desk in her father's office, she wrote a note to Mrs. Van Dee and inclosed the gold. She was about to seal the stout envelope when she remembered the silver.

'Every little helps,' she quoted. 'Somehow my heart overflows with love, and I can't do too much,' and she slipped the dimes into the envelope, which a few moments later she left at Mrs. Van Dee's door.

Both of Tressa's parents were glad because of their daughter's act of self-denial. Tressa was very happy. She was interested in foreign missions, talking much with her mother about their needs.

There was a sequel to Tressa's giving. One day a week later her mother said to her:

'I had a note from Aunt Kate this morning. She wants you to come over after school.'

Mrs. Gifford, 'Aunt Kate' as the Lanes called her, was a distant relative of Tressa's mother. She was a wealthy but eccentric woman, and lived alone with her servants.

It was a pleasant afternoon, so Tressa enjoyed the long walk. Mrs. Gifford's home was a large brick house, which stood in the midst of extensive grounds. In the side yard adventurous hyacinths hung out their bells of pink, white and blue, while golden and purple crocuses peered from the smooth sward.

'It must be delightful to be rich,' Tressa thought. 'If I was Aunt Kate I would give lots of money to the missionaries.'

She was welcomed with more than the usual warmth and invited to stay to tea. The table was spread with damask, massive silver and fragile gold and white china. There was a vase of fragrant yellow roses, a silver basket filled with oranges, delicious cakes and appetizing muffins, broiled ham, cottage cheese and tea. Tressa enjoyed it all. Suddenly her aunt spoke.

'Mrs. Van Dee was here yesterday. I want you to teli me all about how you came to give thirty dollars and thirty cents to the heathen.'

Tressa's voice faltered as she told the story. Mrs. Gifford's sharp eyes never left her face.

'Humph! What'd you do it for?' was all she said.

'Because I was sorry for them. And because—well, because it was doing a little for Jesus.'

The old lady started. 'You are right. I've thirty dollars to replace what you——'

'Oh, Aunt Kate, do you mean that you will give that much? It will pay for a girl for a whole year.'

'No, I didn't mean that. Tressa, would you rather I would give it than to buy you a watch?'

Tressa's face was all aglow. 'Yes, Aunt Kate, I would. I have lots of things to make me happy, and this may, as some one said, save a soul.'

'Humph! You shame me, child. I'll pay for three girls, Tressa, and it's all your work.'

The Story Of The Purple Codex.

(By Professor A. L. Long, D.D., Vice-President of Robert College, Constantinople, in 'Sunday-School Times.')

It is a well-known fact in Oriental life that there is always a story of some kind ready to account for the origin of all objects of local interest. In cases where from any cause the continuity of local tradition has been interrupted, the resources of the Oriental mind are always adequate to supply the demand. In the vicinity of the ancient city of Cesarea, in Cappadocia, there is a village bearing the somewhat peculiar name of Sarumsak (Garlic). Doubtless there is a story, though I have never heard it, which would satisfactorily account for this savory name, but it is with another story that I have to do this time.

In this village there is a Greek church which from time immemorial until a short time ago was the fortunate possessor of a very ancient copy of the holy Gospels. Although it was not publicly read, the village priest not being able to read the ancient characters, yet it was ceremonially used on various occasions. It was solemnly held over the heads of the newly married couples during the nuptial benediction, and it was believed to add to that benediction a mysterious power. For many generations this holy volume had with reverential awe been regarded as the palladium of the village, and inseparably connected with its good fortune. Of course, there had to be a story to account for its being there. The story, as told with the usual variants, was substantially this.

A great many years ago, the village goatherd, whose business it was to collect from the houses of the villagers their goats and sheep, and, leading them out to the hills, there tend them all day, bringing them back again at night, noticed that a certain goat, the property of a poor widow, was thriving the best of all the flock. He spoke with the widow about how well her goat was looking, and asked her what extra food she was giving her at home. The widow replied that she was so poor that she had absolutely nothing to give her goat. But yet, for all that, the goat seemed not to need anything, for she kept on giving an abundance of delicious milk, which was almost the entire susten-

EMANATIONS FROM THE 'SPARKLING CUP.'

ance of her owner. The curiosity of the goatherd was thus thoroughly aroused, so he resolved to watch the animal closely, and discover, if possible, the source of its mysterious nutrition. He soon discovered that the goat had the habit of separating herself from the herd, and would always manage, at least once during the day, to visit a particular spot near the foot of a rocky cliff, and crop a few mouthfuls, at least, from a peculiar kind of lavendar grass growing there, and which seemed to be mysteriously renewed after each day's cropping. He reported this discovery to the widow. This is the one detail of the story about which I have the most doubt, but such is the tradition. They repaired together to the spot, and, as was to be expected, they decided at once to dig in that spot in search of the buried secret.

Before commencing to dig, the goatherd, who was a Turk, and had an eye to business, said: 'Now let us understand the bargain. Whatever gold or silver we may find is to be mine; all else shall be yours.' With this understanding, they went on digging until they had made a large and deep hole, and their work was stopped by a large marble slab, which resisted all their efforts to raise it. What was to be done they did not know. The Turk at length suggested that they call the village priest, confide to him their secret, and ask his help. The poor woman quickly summoned the priest, and the good old man soon came, bringing with him his priestly vestments, book, cross and candles. The candles were lighted, and held by the widow. The priest began reading, while the Turk, without compromising himself by any participation in the Christian rite, was down at the bottom of the hole, ready to lift on the stone at the proper moment.

The prayer was at length concluded, the widow joined in the 'Amen,' and the Turk lifted on the stone slab, and was greatly surprised that it came up as though it were no heavier than a pine board. Underneath the stone slab there was revealed a stone box lined with cloth, in which was lying a beautiful old book, bound in velvet-covered boards and embossed with heavy silver ornaments. The Turk with his knife quickly stripped off the silver ornaments, and deposited them safely in his girdle. The priest reverently wrapped the sacred volume in his mantle, and carried it to the church for safe keeping.

School Books in India.

Imagine some hundreds of lads and young men, Hindus and Mussulmans, all learning the English language. It would amuse you very much if you heard those of six or seven years old attempting to pronounce our alphabet. In the next class you might hear others reading, 'Wurruk while you wurruk, and palay while you palay.' Their own language is Kanarese, Tamil, Telugu, or Hindustani. This explains the strange pronunciation.

As they rise through the school, class by class, they read harder books, and, also, do their arithemtic algebra, Euclid, geography, chemistry, and physics—all in English, from just the same books as you are accustomed to use. It is not the same sort of thing as you learning French, for you don't do all your school lessons in French as these boys do all their lessons in English.

See them coming to school in the morning before seven o'clock with naked feet, or with their native shoes, like thick flapping slippers with the toes curled up. There are little fellows hardly higher than the table—boys of all ages and sizes, up to young men of eighteen and twenty, many of them with a moustache, some of the bigger ones already married.

Many of the younger boys are very pretty, with sweet oval faces of soft brown, and large, dark lustrous eyes, with long, black lashes. They are by no means rowdy, like many English boys, but very attentive, tractable and docile. They learn with great eagerness, and have marvellous memories, often learning their entire books by heart.

At Bangalore High School the morning's lessons begin with the Gospel, but sometimes there is an English lesson first. Every boy brings an English Bible or New Testament, or perhaps only the Gospel the class may be reading, which he can buy for a penny. A portion of the class reads a few verses in turn, and then the master talks to them about what they have been reading—but all in English. They often ask questions, and sometimes find fault with Christ's teaching.

In the school I am telling you about there are 750 boys and young men, divided into eighteen classes, and taught by twenty-three masters—several of them having taken University degrees. Five of them are Pandits, that is, men who teach the lads their native language.

When the morning hours of study are over these boys troop away home, laughing, skipping, shouting, to their mid-day meal, as happy as boys can be who have done their level best. On arriving at home each boy has to bathe, by having pots of warm water poured over him, and he changes his clothes. This he must do before he eats. He also has to paint sacred marks upon his forehead. Then he sits down upon the floor, has a large piece of plantation leaf placed before him for a plate; upon this is heaped rice with curried vegetables. He takes it up with the tips of his fingers, opens his mouth, and throws it in—a large pinch at a time—without touching his lips. He has also a small brass pot of water at the side, and when he drinks he throws back his head and pours in the water without letting the vessel touch his lips.

After dinner he generally studies his lessons for the next day, or for afternoon school, if he has extra lessons to attend. At five o'clock he goes off to play. Hindu boys have games of their own, which, of course, I am not able to describe. But they have been taught some of our English games—cricket, football, tennis, and to practise gymnastics.

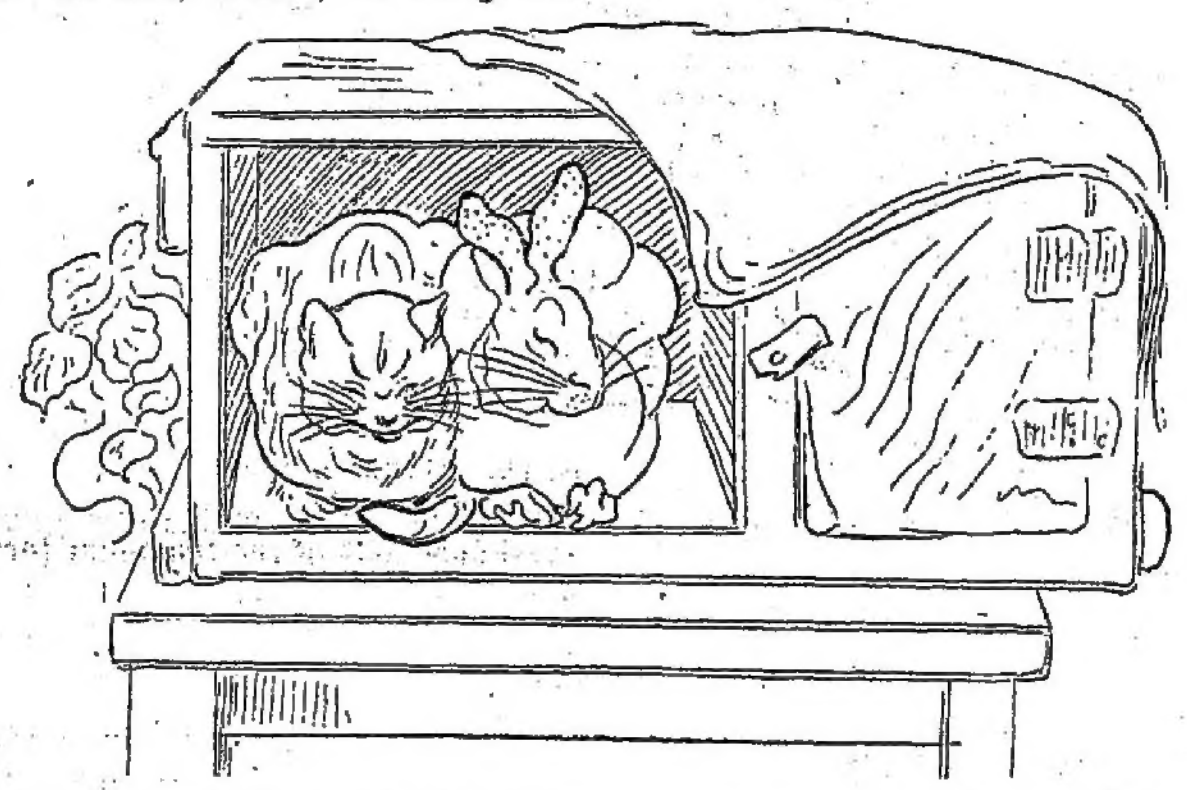
Besides the ordinary school examinations three times a year, the higher classes go in for public examinations, such as 'middle class exams,' and 'matriculation exams.'

This, I think, will give you a fair idea of school-life amongst Hindu boys. But the grandest thing about it is, all that they learn is filled with the truths of Christianity. The missionaries are ever on the alert to show their pupils the superiority of the religion of Jesus over any other religion in the world. The way is thus being prepared for a 'nation to be born in a day.'—'The Christian.'

There is at present in one of the Church Army homes an educated member of the medical profession, who, three years ago, was in possession of £12,000 and a good practice. To-day — through drink — he is wood-chopping and bundling for his living. An experiment has just been made by the Rev. Dr. Pentecost, with the object of ascertaining the number of really destitute men who applied to him for assistance. Sixty of these men were got together, all professing to be entirely destitute and sorely in need of help, and upon a careful investigation of each case he found that all were able to find money for beer, and that what they wanted was pecuniary help and not work.—'Alliance News.'

A Queer Rabbit

This rabbit lived at a house in Lonsdale Road, Barnes, and for four years was a celebrated character in the neighborhood. He was an orphan, and the only survivor of a numerous family, so that, being brought up by hand, he grew very tame as well as enormously big. As to his size, indeed, he altogether

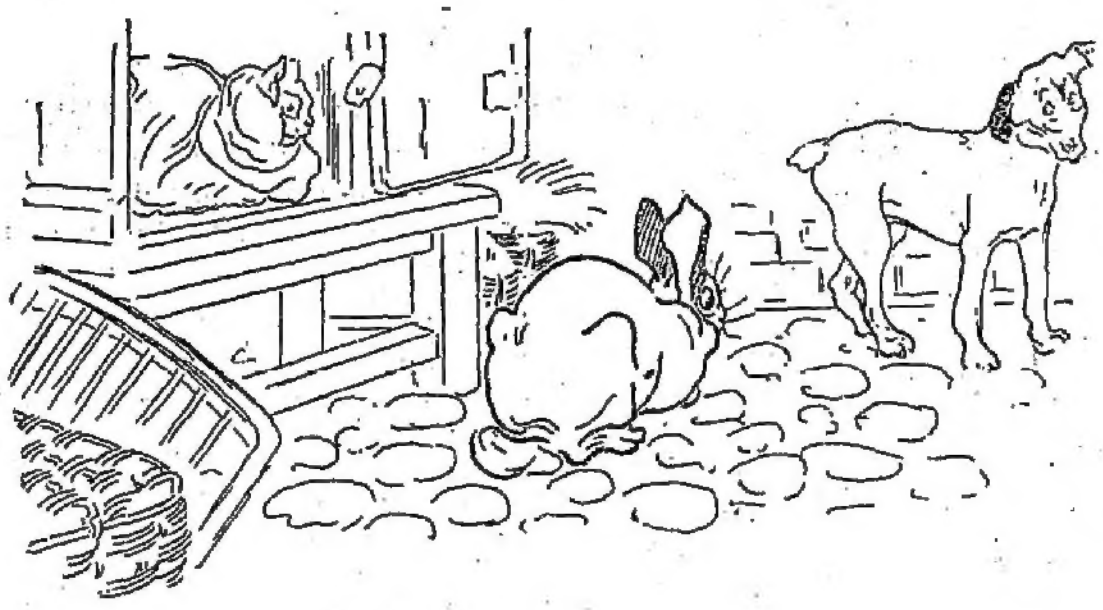


grew out of his hutch, the door of which was left constantly open for his convenience, or he could scarcely have turned round in it. With his size, he developed un-rabbitlike tastes and accomplishments; chiefly he struck up an intimate friendship with the cat—also a big animal of its kind. They played together, 'sat out' many long hours side by side, and ate from the same plate with all possible amiability.

Also, the rabbit acquired a great taste for wandering beyond the limits of its owner's premises, together with a wonderful ability in jumping. Perhaps the cat taught him both. At any rate, he thought nothing of scaling the garden wall—5 ft. or so high—and exploring the adjoining gardens; and on one occasion his owner, Mr. Vicent Hughes, witnessed a jump that surprised him, accustomed as he was to his pet's feats. Bunny (who thought nothing of coming into the house and wandering up and down the stairs, if so disposed) was sitting in the balcony, seventeen feet or more from the ground. Somebody suddenly startled him from behind, and instantly jumped clean through the railings to the ground beneath—alighting quite safely, without the smallest injury.

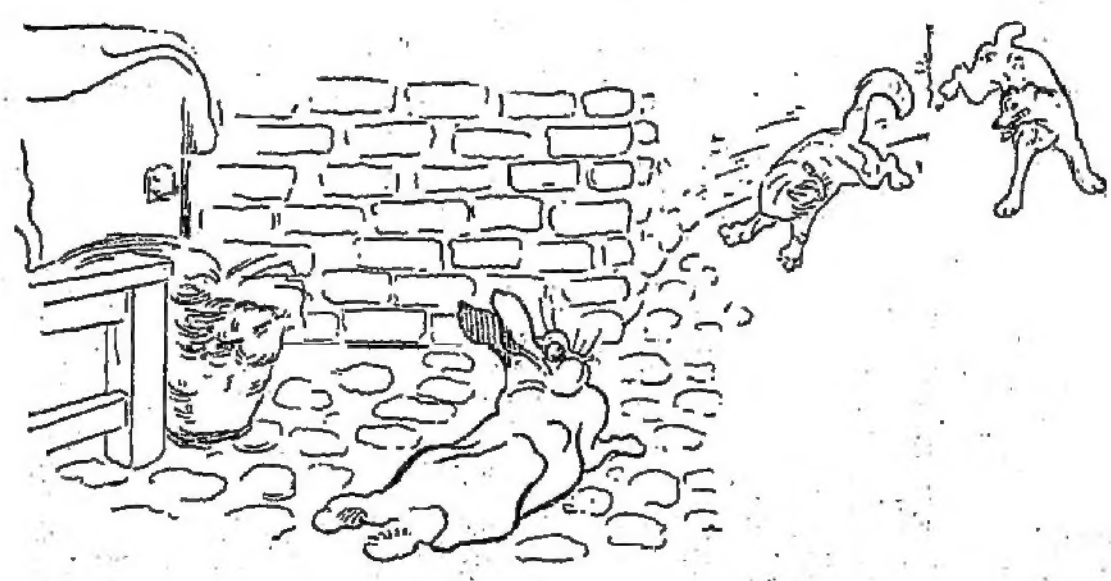
Whenever the garden gate was left open he would go off for a stroll down the road and about the adjacent streets. These excursions frequently entailed complications with vagrant dogs, and it was a very common sight to see him tearing along homeward with two or three dogs hard in chase. The dogs were always 'done,' however, for he would swing round into the garden gate at top speed, and, as often as not, bolt into the house, leaving the astonished dogs, unable so quickly to check their career, to dash past, and when they turned back, to find no rabbit visible anywhere.

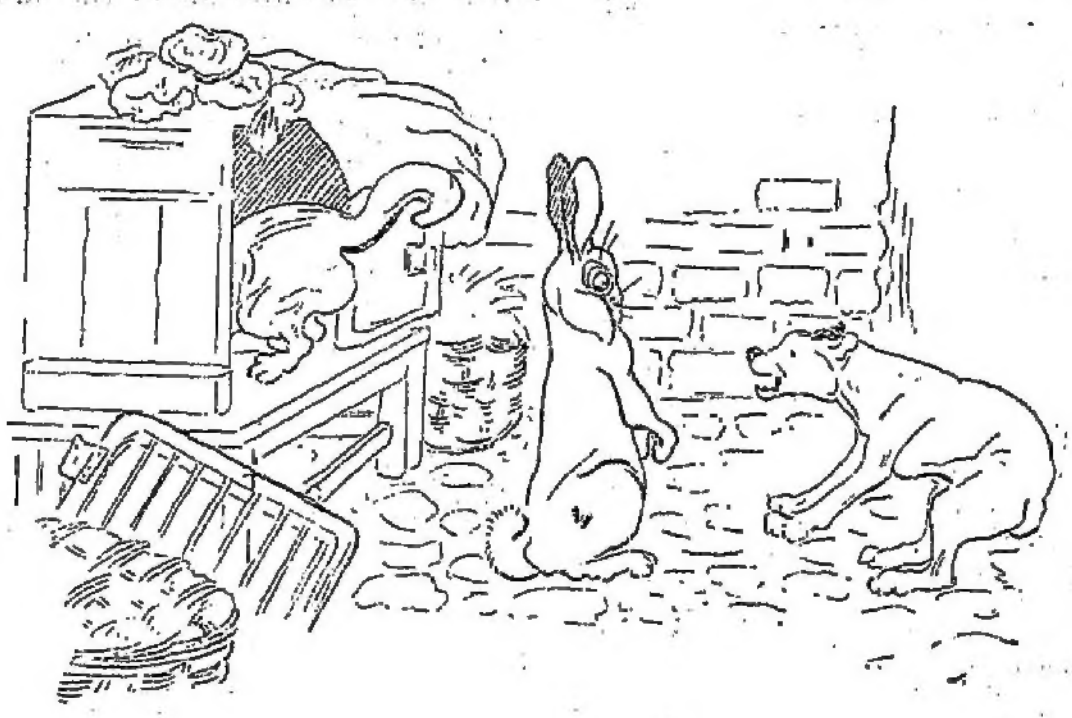
Once, however, he turned the tables on a dog completely. The dog lived next door, and it was a mongrel fox-terrier rejoicing in the suffi-



ciently appropriate name of 'Cats.' Now, much of the daily exercise of this dog was obtained in chase of the unfortunate cat who was Bunny's intimate crony, till at last Bunny rose in defence of his chum, with most brilliant success.

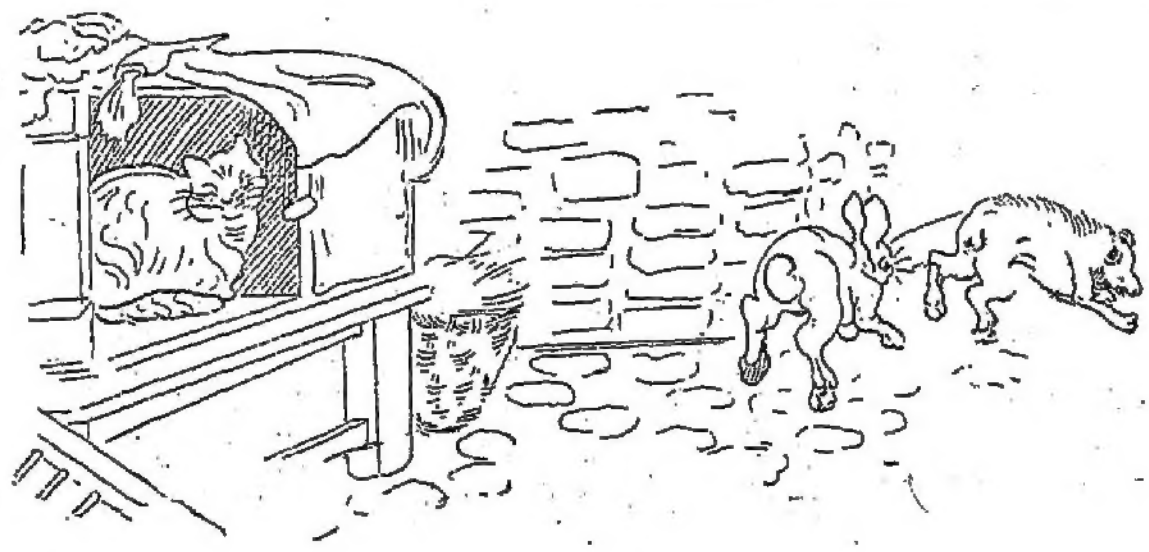
The usual morning chat over, Bunny turned to a slight lunch of cabbage-leaf, and the cat, feeling little personal interest in cabbage-leaf, strolled off in search of adventures of her own. Very soon she found one, though one with an annoying lack of novelty; for 'Cats,' the next-door terrier, spied her, and





in an instant was scampering at her tail. Pussy headed for the rabbit-hutch, and the rabbit saw her coming. Anger and indignation rose in his breast, and though he might bolt from a dog on his own account, in the sacred cause of friendship he would brave anything. The cat flew past and instantly the rabbit sprang to his feet and confronted the savage pursuer. The dog pulled up. Nothing like this had ever occurred before in the whole course of his cat-chasing experience. Bunny rose to his hind legs, with fierce anger in his eye, and began a display of that curious stamping and drumming of the hind legs practised by a rabbit which is very infuriate indeed. It was the only proceeding terrible attack that extraordinary stamping might presage he couldn't he could think of in the circumstances. The dog was altogether non-plussed—even dismayed. What for the life of him imagine. He got back a step or so, and thought. Then it occurred to him that perhaps, on the whole, the best thing would be to clear out. So he dropped his tail between his legs and left the rabbit victorious. As soon as he perceived this, Bunny bounced out in chase and at once there was witnessed the novel spectacle of the truculent terrier bolting for his life and the suddenly-emboldened rabbit galloping furiously after him. What he would have done to the dog if he had caught him is a difficult thing to guess, but as a matter of fact the dog got clear away and avoided the rabbit's vicinity in future, while the triumphant rabbit returned to receive the congratulations of his chum, the cat.

For four years Bunny remained with Mr. Hughes, providing amusement to all beholders. So famous, indeed, did he become, that during that time more than one unsuccessful attempt was made to kidnap him—possibly by some enterprising showman. And at last he was kidnapped in good earnest, and Lonsdale Road knew him no more.



LESSON III.—APRIL 16.

Jesus Teaching Humility.

John xiii., 1-17. Memory verses, 14-17. Study the whole chapter.

Golden Text.

I have given you an example.'—John xiii., 15.

Home Readings.

M. John xiii., 1-17.—Jesus teaching Humility.
T. Luke xiv., 7-14.—The humble exalted.
W. Luke xviii., 9-17.—Humility in prayer.
T. I. Peter v., 1-7.—Grace for the humble.
F. Mark ix., 30-37.—A rebuke to pride.
S. Matt. xx., 20-28.—Greatness of service.
S. Phil. ii., 1-11.—Christ's example.

Lesson Story.

On the morning after the anointing at Bethany, our Lord rode into Jerusalem amidst the triumphal hosannas of the happy children and the multitude who remembered all his deeds of loving-kindness. This was 'Palm Sunday,' a week before the glorious Easter dawned. A week that was full of pain and sorrow for our Saviour.

The one bright spot in those days of agony was the last supper with his beloved disciples on the eve of the Passover. In an upper room in Jerusalem, on the same night on which he was betrayed and arrested, Jesus sat down with his disciples to eat the Passover supper.

There had been some strife among the disciples as to which should be the greatest (Luke xxii., 24-27) in the kingdom. As they sat at the table they were each too proud to offer to wash the feet of any of the others, though they knew that someone would have to perform this lowly service.

Then Jesus, in the majesty of love and power, rose from supper, and laying aside his long outer garments, he took a towel and a basin of water and began to wash the feet of the shame-stricken apostles. When our Lord came to Peter that impetuous disciple burst out in indignant remonstrance, saying that the Saviour should never wash his feet. Jesus tenderly explained to him that he would understand it afterward, but that if he did not submit entirely and unquestioningly to his Lord, he could not be his true disciple. At this Peter was eager for more than was needed, and begged the Lord to wash also his hands and his head. But Jesus said that those who were already washed needed only to have their feet bathed. As one who washes in the ocean, but gets his feet covered with sand on the way back to his dressing-room, needs only to rinse his feet, not his whole body, so one washed from his sin but having, as it were, his feet soiled with walking through the world, must be cleansed from those imperfections which cling to him, but needs not again the thorough washing of regeneration.

When our Lord had finished washing the feet of his proud disciples, he took again his garments, and, sitting down, explained to them the meaning of this object lesson in humility and lowliness. He taught them that the highest glory was humility and that the greatest dignity must belong to the lowliest service. He that is chief among you, let him be servant of all.

Lesson Hymn.

Oh, the bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be
When I proudly said to Jesus,
'All of self and none of Thee!'

Yet He found me; I beheld Him
Bleeding on' th' accursed tree,
And my wistful heart said faintly,
'Some of self, and some of Thee!'

Day by day His tender mercy
Healing, helping, full and free,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
'Less of self and more of Thee!'

Higher than the highest heaven,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered:
'None of self, and all of Thee!'

—Theodore Monod.

Suggestions.

'Jesus . . . loved his own which were in the world.' (Verse 1.) The disciples betrayed the weakness of their love by grudging the precious ointment with which Mary anointed him for burial. (Matt. xxvi., 8.) They neglected his comfort in failing to wash his tired, dusty feet, while they wrangled for the best place at the feast. Jesus knew that Philip would misunderstand him (Jno. xiv., 9); that the chosen three would sleep while he suffered (Matt. xxvi., 37-41); that Peter would be ashamed of him (John xviii., 26, 27); that Thomas would doubt him (John xx., 25); that all would forsake him (Matt. xxvi., 56). But he loved them in spite of their doubt, denial and desertion. The Christian is in a cold, calculating, condemning world, a world of toil, temptation and tears. Jesus remembers it. He says, 'I know thy works, and where thou dwellest' (Rev. ii., 13). Jesus knows your danger, how the devil tempts, how men hate, how 'grievous wolves' prowl to destroy, how sin sometimes overcomes the heart; but he loves you in the world.

'He loved them unto the end' (verse 1). Having loved you in your sins, wilfulness, ignorance, imperfections, he will love you 'to the end.' Having loved you in his life to the end,' he will love you in heaven to the uttermost.

'He . . . began to wash the disciples' feet' (verse 5). Before we can acceptably serve Christ we must know how he has served us. Not our service for him, but his service for us is of first importance. 'This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent' (John vi., 29). There was no higher place than his Father's throne, no lower than the defiled feet of his disciples, but his love reached to the lowest depth. He rose from his table in glory (II. Cor. viii., 9). He laid aside his robes of light (Phil. ii., 7). He took on him the form of a servant (Phil. ii., 7). He girded himself with our human nature (John i., 14). He poured out his soul unto death (Isa. liii., 12). He washed us in his own blood (Rev. i., 5). He ever liveth to intercede for us (Heb. vii., 25).

'He that is washed . . . is clean every whit' (verse 10). In chapter xii. we get redemption through the blood (Rev. vii., 14). Here, cleansing by the water of the Word (John xv., 3). There we see the brazen altar, here the brazen laver (I. John v., 6).

The priests when consecrated were bathed with water. This type of regeneration (Tit. iii., 5), was done once and never repeated (Lev. viii., 6), but whenever they went into the tabernacle to minister they must wash their feet and hands at the brazen laver. The penalty for failure was death (Ex. xxx., 18-21). We can never walk in the sanctuary of holy communion with defiled feet and hands. They are death to our fellowship with Jesus. Regeneration gives us a part in Christ of which nothing can rob us, cleansing gives us a part with Christ of which many things may deprive us. One refers to eternal salvation, the other to daily communion. One gives us a title in heaven, the other keeps us in fellowship with heaven.

Jesus pronounced his disciples clean through the Word he had spoken (John xv., 3). The laver was a type of the Word. We cleanse our way by taking heed thereto according to his Word (Psa. cxix., 9). These things write I unto you that ye sin not. And if any man sin we have an Advocate (I. John ii., 1). If you are conscious of defilement, come and put your feet in the pierced hands of your Advocate, and tenderly will he wash them, that you may have a part with him in holy communion and priestly service.—From 'Practical Commentary.'

Practical Points.

(By A. H. CAMERON.)

Jesus' love is, like himself, infinite, eternal, unchangeable (verse 1).

A man's character is seen in the way he performs the little duties of every-day life (verses 2-5).

Peter looked at the action of Jesus from a worldly standpoint. Hence his blunder (verses 6, 8).

Jesus opened the eyes of the impulsive disciple (verses 7, 8), and Peter was ready to receive the blessing (verse 9).

We need not wonder if there is one black sheep in every flock, since Judas was numbered with the Apostles (verses 10, 11).

Example is better than precept, and Jesus taught both ways, though his disciples were dull pupils (verses 12-15).

Both master and servant have a place to fill, which can only be done when they are loyal to the King of Heaven.

Tiverton, Ont.

C. E. Topic.

April 16.—The eternal morning, and modern missions.—Isa. lx., 1-12. (A missionary meeting.)

Junior C. E.

April 16.—How does the parable of the sower apply to you. —Matt. xiii., 1-9, 18-23.

The Catechism on Beer.

(By Julia Colman, National Temperance Publication House.)

LESSON X.—MEDICAL USE OF BEER.

'We should set our faces staunchly against brewers' physic.'—Ingham.

Is beer much used as a medicine?

It is, both when prescribed by physicians and when people prescribe it for themselves.

What are some of its effects?

It often makes the patient feel better and eat his food with greater relish.

Does it really give strength?

It cannot, for it is not nutritious.

Why does the patient feel better after taking it?

Through the deceitful effect of the alcohol.

How can this be explained?

The nerves of feeling are paralyzed by the alcohol, and the patient feels less. This is true of all alcoholic liquors.

What is their action?

They do not remove the disease; they simply keep the patient from feeling and knowing it for the time.

How does beer affect digestion?

It spoils the gastric juice and hardens the food, and so hinders digestion.

Experiment.—Procure two pieces of lean beef equal in size, and put one into vial of beer and the other into a vial of water. The beef in the water will soon shows signs of breaking up, while that in the beer will be quite firm. If it grows harder in the beer it would be more difficult to digest in the stomach. Gastric juice in place of the water would make a more instructive experiment.

What fact proves that beer does not help digestion?

Dyspepsia is a common complaint with beer-drinkers.

Dr. Beaumont, a surgeon in the United States army, had a chance to look into the stomach of Alexis St. Martin through an opening made by a gun-shot wound, and he found that alcohol even in beer and wine spoiled the gastric juice which digests our food, and so hindered digestion.

Why, then, does it get credit as a remedy?

Because it brings relief at first by paralyzing the nerves of feeling.

What fact shows that it does no real good?

The fact that the dose must be continued.

One man took it three weeks for indigestion, and he felt every day that it helped him, but he needed the help the next day just as much. A woman had it prescribed for her, and it acted so like a charm that she took it for twenty years, and thought she could neither eat nor sleep without it. She gave it up, and slept and ate better without it.

Why should temperance people especially shun beer as a medicine?

Because it so often deceives and leads them astray.

They accept such prescriptions far too thoughtlessly. One Christian woman for whose husband the doctor prescribed lager, had such a horror of the saloon that she would not suffer her husband nor child to go there. So she herself went for the dose daily, standing outside the saloon door till it was brought to her. At last conscience rebuked her; she stopped it, and her husband soon got well without it. They were saved where many another has been lost.

What adds credit to the medical reputation of beer?

It is often taken for slight ailments which would soon disappear without medicine, and then the beer gets the credit for the cure.

Does this medical use of beer beget the alcoholic appetite?

It does, the same as if it were any other alcoholic drink.

What other mischief comes from the free recommendation of beer by physicians

It makes the people believe that beer is wholesome.

Are not alcoholic drinks desirable as medicines?

Both doctors and people are losing faith in them and using other remedies in their place.

The London Temperance Hospital, opened in 1875, has been very successful in the treatment of all sorts of disease without alcoholic drinks of any kinds, and many doctors, both in England and America, are now treating their patients without alcohol.

Tobacco.

(Dr. J. H. Hanaford in 'Anti-Tobacco Gem.')

That tobacco is a virulent poison, no scientist, if hooked on this point and who is not a user of the vile weed, will deny. And yet it is used extensively at the present time, while it is feared that its use is on the increase, particularly among the boys, who seem to think that it is 'smart' to be seen with a cigarette, or a cigar in their mouth, in public places. This is one of the most lamentable facts in modern times, showing that, in one respect at least, we are fast retrograding, becoming a nation of slaves to a morbid appetite. It is too often true that most of these boys are so young that the use of this poison is far more harmful than it would be at a later time in life, when the powers of the physical structure are more consolidated, the effects always being sufficiently harmful. It is fortunate, however, that the girls, the future mothers of the race, are not equally foolish, since these mothers have a great influence in transmitting weaknesses and morbid habits and tendencies to future generations. It is more than probable that a large percent of the sudden and premature deaths are caused, directly and indirectly, by the use—not abuse, as the use is always abuse—as it retards digestion, excites the brain and diminishes all of the powers of the being, and so increases the action of the heart as to diminish the term of human life. Is this not suicide, so far as one understands the uniform effects of its use?

Good Reasons.

During a temperance campaign in a Missouri county a lawyer was discussing learnedly the constitutionality of the proposed temperance law. After he had concluded, an old farmer, who has been listening attentively, shut his jackknife with a snap and said, 'I don't know nuthin' about the constitutionality or the unconstitutionality of the law, but I've got seven good reasons fur votin' fur it.'

'What are they?' asked the lawyer.

And the grim old farmer responded, 'Four sons and three daughters.'

Here's A Laddie.

Here's a laddie, bright and fair,
And his heart is free from care.
Will he ever, do you think,
Learn to smoke, and chew, and drink?
Make a furnace of his throat,
And a 'chimney of his nose,'
In his pocket not a groat,
Elbows out and ragged toes?

Here's a laddie, full of glee,
And his step is light and free;
Will he ever, do you think,
Mad with thirst, and crazed with drink,
Stagger wildly down the street,
Wallow in the mire and sleet,
Hug the lamp-post, and declare
Snakes are writhing in his hair?

Not an ill this laddie knows,
And his breath is like the rose:
Will he ever, do you think,
Poisoned by the cursed drink,
Fever burning in his veins,
Soul and body racked with pains,
Sink into a drunkard's grave,
Few to pity—none to save?

No; this laddie, honor bright,
Swears to love the true and right,
Keeps his body pure and sweet,
For an angel's dwelling meet,
Never, never will he sup
Horrors from the drunkard's cup;
Never in the 'flowing bowl'
Will he drown his angel-soul.

—Julia M. Thayer in 'Adviser.'

Correspondence

Will 'Clara,' of Olive, Manitoba, and 'Stanley S,' of Gunter, and 'Annie,' aged 10, of London, please send their full names and addresses to the 'Messenger,' as they have been awarded prizes for January.

Chesley, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have taken much pleasure in reading the correspondence carried on in your paper, and thought we would also send a letter. We received a number of very nice Christmas presents. We skate on a branch of the Saugeen river, which runs through our village.

IRENE AND GERTRUDE.

Wyandott, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have a dear little baby brother. I like reading the 'Messenger' very much. My grandma sends it to us. My uncle gave me a pair of skates for a Christmas present, and I like skating. This is the first letter I ever wrote.

DAVID McL. (aged 8).

Harvey Station, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I go to school every day. I live on a farm near the schoolhouse. I have two sisters and one brother. We have a little dog. MAUD B. (aged 8).

Newington, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like to read the letters in the 'Messenger' and the little folks' page. I have a baby brother. I live on a farm.

LAURA (aged 13).

Balgonie, Assa.

Dear Editor,—I go to school in summer, but it is too cold in winter. We had a concert at the school this fall, and the teacher gave each one of the children a book for a present. I had a pigeon called Polly, but a cat killed her and we miss her very much. I live on a farm. My father bought another farm, and we expect to move there after a while. JOHN S. R. (aged 11).

Artemesia, Ont.

Dear Editor,—The Montreal 'Witness' and 'Northern Messenger' have been a welcome guest in our house for some years. I like the 'Messenger' immensely, and take a very special interest in the young people's letters. My grandma lives in Flesherton, a very pretty village about three or four miles from here. She has taken the 'Messenger' a great many years. We live on a farm, and are very comfortable. We have a senior and junior league, also a prayer meeting every week. ANNIE G. R. (aged 13).

Hillside Cottage, Burrough's Falls.

Dear Editor,—My grandfather's place is on the shore of Burrough's Falls. It is a grand fall. I climbed it with Leonard Fish, a school-mate, this winter. My grandfather has 3 cows, 1 horse and 2 cats.

IRVING (aged 13).

Lunenburg, Mass.

Dear Editor,—I live in the country with my grandma, and I have a mile to go to school. I have two pets, a cat and a bird. My cat's name is Mica, and my bird's name is Dandy. I go to the Methodist church, and have a paper called the 'Advocate.' I take music lessons. My day-school teacher is very nice. I have no brothers or sisters. In the summer I sometimes go to Boston. I think the letters Pearle E. V. B. writes are very interesting.

MABEL F. E.

Brantford, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Witness' and 'Messenger' for a good many years, and like them very much. I would like very much if some of the girls and boys of my own age would write to me, as I cannot go to school, and find it very lonely at home. I cannot walk, so I have to ride a tricycle. I go to church and to Sunday-school every Sunday. Brantford is a very pretty place, especially in summer. We have Mohawk Park to picnic in in the summer, and the lake to row on. We have many pretty residences here. I like to see children take an interest in homes and city.

MINA MYERS (aged 14).
119 Eagle avenue.

Listowel, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Last Monday I started off with the sleigh-rope over my arm for the morning's coasting, because my mother did not need my assistance and also because school had closed to give us our Christmas holidays. We always go out about half-a-mile, and there we find a large hill on one side of the road and the frozen river on the other. We climb this hill and go down across the road and on to the ice of the river and, if we have enough speed, we sometimes turn and go down the river. Sometimes, too, our sleighs do the turning in spite of our efforts to keep them going straight. Ned Williams and Roy Blair were already there, and I could hear their merry laughter plainly before I had reached the top of the hill. They welcomed me with delight, and Ned suggested that we should 'hitch.' Now, this means to arrange the sleighs together by passing the ropes under the preceding one, so that they go down like one sleigh. We soon did this, and then finished mounting the hill. Just as we reached the top we saw George James preparing for a descent. We shouted to him to wait, but he didn't seem to hear, and he started to go down as fast as could be expected. We wheeled our sleighs into position, and immediately gave chase. Down we went like the wind. 'Never had such a good start before' said Ned in my ear, and almost before we could speak again we reached the road and in another instant we ran smash into George James's sleigh. The next moment we were thrown 'helter-skelter' in the soft snow by the roadside. We recovered our feet, and there was George's sleigh broken in two places. If we had been business men we would have immediately written out a cheque on the top of the sleigh; but as it was, we each promised to help defray the repairing expenses. Our sleighs had shot on ahead, and were standing on the ice.

'Let us unhitch,' said I.

'All right,' said they.

By this time Ned Williams and Roy Blair had fallen into a dispute about their sleighs. We hurriedly ascended the hill, and George suggested that they should race for it.

'All right,' said they, 'you start us off and let Fred here go down and see who wins.' George agreed, and so did I, after saying that I would race the winner. I jumped upon my trusty old sleigh that had done most of the mischief in the accident, as it was in front, and in an instant I was hid from their sight by the cloud of snow that rose above me.

I reached my destination, and drew my sleigh upon the bank at the far side of the river, and, putting my hands to my mouth, shouted 'Ready.' My strained ears caught the words 'One, two, three, go!' and down came the two like an avalanche. From two small dots an the top of the hill they quickly grew in my sight to natural sizes. They kept together until they reached the bottom of the hill, when Roy got ahead. Roy was just in the act of turning down the ice when Ned ran into him and gave him a neat upset, while he shot into the snow-bank at my feet.

'Ned Williams won,' I shouted back, and after hastily telling Roy to judge the next, I dragged my sleigh up the hill with Ned Williams by my side.

This time I heard the 'One, two, three, go!' plainer, and I took the advice contained in the last word so well, that I found myself buried in the snow-bank on the far side of the river just one second before Ned landed at my side. Soon we all decided to go home, and I seized a steaming dinner as my prize when I got there. FRED.

Belwood.

Dear Editor,—I have two brothers and two sisters. I have two pets, a calf and a colt, and I can drive the colt, and I have harness for it; I can hitch it to a hand-sleigh and it will draw me on the sleigh. My grandpa takes the 'Witness' and my aunt Annie takes the 'Messenger,' and grandpa says the 'Witness' has come to his house for about thirty-five years.

E. L. (aged 9).

Moss Lake Farm,
Mt. Albion, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I see all the writers in the 'Northern Messenger' have dogs and cats, but we have none. I have ten brothers and five sisters, and have lots of company to play with. We had a pair of wild geese, but they flew away, and one of them got shot, but we got the other; they would eat out of our hands. THEA J.

HOUSEHOLD.

Thrift.

There is still a good deal to say on the subject of thrift, for besides thrift 'in food,' there is thrift in dress, in household management, and in time—so we will this month consider these and take for our motto, 'Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves.' There are so many ways of waste caused by thoughtlessness. For instance, you kneel down to scrub the floor; then you hear Mrs. Jones's voice next door talking in the garden. 'Oh,' you say to yourself, 'I must go and ask her how her sick baby is getting on.' Up you jump, leaving the soap and brush in the hot water; by the time you come back the soap is half melted away and the scrubbing brush spoilt and made soft by soaking, so that in that quarter of an hour you have wasted three things: time, soap and scrubbing brush. Then again, how often do we see a candle left flaring and guttering in a draught. Shut the door, or blow out the candle while you are out of the room; turn down the gas (if you have it) quite low when not wanted. I know a man who saved many hundreds a year to a large railway company by this one thing, insisting that the clerks in the offices should turn down the gas when they went away for meals, or were not using it. Then again, don't waste wood in lighting fires; half the quantity properly arranged will do just as well. Do not always strike a match when you want a light; keep a little vase full of paper lighters and use them instead.

Eating new bread is a most unwholesome and extravagant habit, and makes the difference of one loaf in five. If you can bake at home it is a very great saving, and the bread is much more wholesome and nourishing. Never waste food; save all the broken pieces of bread for puddings, all the bones for soup. Do not peel potatoes; you waste half of them, and lose all the flavor, which is just under the skin; scrub them well and peel after boiling. Sift your cinders carefully. Keep a box for pieces of paper which come round parcels, and a bag for pieces of string. 'A place for everything and everything in its place.' All these seem such little things to talk about, and no doubt most of you have thought of them for yourselves, but it is 'many a little that makes a mickle.'

There was once a French boy, the only son of his mother, a very poor widow. He tried hard to get work, but could find nothing, there seemed too many boys in the world all wanting work. At last, quite downhearted and footsore, he turned into the vast courtyard of the greatest bank in Paris. There were big iron gates, and the house looked most grand and imposing, so the poor boy felt very small and nervous as he walked up the great stone steps and asked if they had any work for a boy to do, in sweeping or cleaning even. 'No, no, go away, nothing for you.' He turned and walked away sadly and slowly; as he crossed the courtyard he saw a pin between the stones, stooped to pick it up, and stuck it in his coat. The great banker happened to be looking out of the window. 'Fetch that boy back,' he said; 'he must be worth something if he will stop to pick up a pin.' So the boy was called and given some menial work to do, but by thrift and industry he raised himself higher and higher, till he became a great banker himself, Lafitte, of Paris.

'Thrift' in dress is a very important subject. Never buy anything you don't want merely because it is cheap, and when you do want anything never mind about the trimmings and finery, but buy a good, strong, useful material, that will not shrink with the rain, and will look well till the last; choose colors that will not fade, and in buying print dresses those that you know will wash well. Plain materials last better than those with a pattern, as you can turn and alter them more easily, and they are not too smart to come down to everyday wear and cut up afterwards for the children. Avoid staring patterns and flimsy things, which look smart for a week and shabby for a year.

If you run the heels of your stockings before wearing them, they will last twice as long without holes; and so will your boots if you can manage to buy them and put them by for a month or two before use, as it gives time for the leather to harden.

No amount of 'saving' need make us stingy; in fact, it makes us better able to spare a little for those who are worse off than ourselves.

Domestic economy means domestic happiness; it means order, thrift, cleanliness and health, besides the feeling that you have done your duty to the best of your power in the state of life in which it has pleased God to place you.—'Dawn of Day.'

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A New 'Witness' Premium.

'The Gem' Horse Clipper.

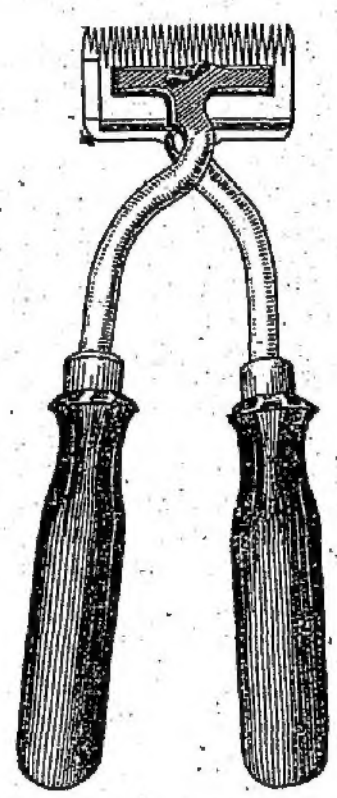
NEWMARKET PATTERN.

An old Reliable Single Set Screw. Keep this clipper well oiled, and it will give satisfaction for years. It is a first-class honest tool. Made from the best of tempered steel, and is a requisite in every well kept stable.

GIVEN only to 'Messenger' subscribers who will send us eight strictly new subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 30c each:

Or for sale, postpaid, for $1.50. Cash with order.

Our premiums are described honestly. If they be not considered to correspond with the descriptions they may be promptly returned and money will be refunded.



USE BABY'S OWN SOAP

YOUR NAME neatly printed on 20 Rich Gold Edge, Fancy Shape, Silk Fringed, Envelope Verse, Floral, &c., Cards. This gold Plated Ring and a 25c present all for 10c. Samples, outfit and private terms to Agents, 3c. Address STAR CARD CO., Knowlton, P.Q.

Mother's Moods.

The household barometer is always to be studied in the mother's face. Others in the home may have moods, but she cannot afford to indulge in such a luxury; for her province is to regulate not alone the weather, but to fix the climate, and ordain the atmosphere which shall prevail in the nursery, at the table, in the parlor and over the whole house. 'What is mother about?' inquired a big boy of his sister, as he came home from the shop where he was learning how to be a business man. 'Making sunshine for everybody, as usual,' was the reply. When we think how the mother's looks and tones affect the babies, how early the little ones begin to reflect her in that soul-likeness which shines out in the face, we cannot overestimate the importance of her self-control. She must be amiable, whoever else frets. She must be brave, whoever else is cowardly. She must be tender, though others are brusque. Because she is a mother, and, therefore, the arbiter, under God, of her children's destinies, the former of their characters, she must abide with Christ, deriving daily strength from communion with Him.—'Christian Intelligencer.'

Selected Recipes.

Cream Puffs.—One-half cup butter, one cup hot water; put in the stove to boil in a small tin pan. When boiling, sift in one cup flour, stirring all the time; set aside to cool. When barely lukewarm, stir in three unbeaten eggs, adding one at a time. Drop on a well-buttered pan and bake thirty minutes, in a moderate oven. For the cream use one cup milk, one egg, half cup sugar, one tablespoonful corn starch, mixed with a little cold milk, flavor with vanilla, orange or rose; boil in a double boiler. The puffs may be baked two or three days before using, but the cream must be freshly made. Cut a slit in the top of puff and fill.

Baked Bananas.—Strip the skin from one side of the bananas and arrange in a pan. Loosen the skin about them, sprinkle over each a teaspoonful of sugar, and bake in a moderate oven twenty minutes, basting them frequently with an orange sauce poured over them, and made with one teaspoonful of cornstarch mixed with a quarter of a cupful of sugar. Press the juice from three large oranges, put it over the fire and when hot add sugar and cornstarch. Stir and cook a moment.

Tongue Toast.—Take a cold smoked tongue that has been well boiled, mince it fine, mix it with cream and the broken yolk of an egg, and give it a simmer over the fire. Having grated, cut off the crusts, toast very nicely some slices of bread, and then butter them very slightly. Lay them in a flat dish that has been heated before the fire, and cover each slice of toast thickly with the tongue mixture, spread on hot. This is a nice breakfast or supper dish.

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly).

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more copies, separately addressed, 25c each.

Ten or more to an individual address, 20c each.

Ten or more separately addressed, 25c per copy.

When addressed to Montreal City, Great Britain and Postal Union countries, 52c postage must be added for each copy; United States and Canada free of postage. Special arrangements will be made for delivering packages of 10 or more in Montreal. Subscribers residing in the United States can remit by Post Office Money Order on Rouses Point, N.Y. or Express Money Order payable in Montreal.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'